

## BOSTON, AUGUST 2, 1879.

Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter.

## CONTENTS.

SANZIO. <i>Stuart Sterne</i> . . . . .	121
CULTURE AND MUSIC . . . . .	122
IN MEMORIAM: AUGUST KREISSMANN. An Address. <i>F. H. Underwood</i> . . . . .	123
THE SAENGERFEST AT CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1879. . . . .	124
TALKS ON ART: SECOND SERIES. From Instructions of Mr. William M. Hunt to his Pupils. <i>X.</i> . . . .	125
HEARING MUSIC ON COMPULSION . . . . .	126
MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	127
NOTES AND GLEANINGS . . . . .	127

All the articles not credited to other publications were expressly written for this Journal

Published fortnightly by HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY, 220 Devonshire Street, Boston. Price, 10 cents a number; \$2.50 per year.

For sale in Boston by CARL FRIEYER, 30 West Street, A. WILLIAMS & CO., 283 Washington Street, A. K. LORING, 369 Washington Street, and by the Publishers; in New York by A. BREYER, 39 Union Square, and HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., 21 Astor Place; in Philadelphia by W. H. BOKER & CO., 1102 Chestnut Street; in Chicago by the CHICAGO MUSIC COMPANY, 512 State Street.

## SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 114.)

THIS time, when the allotted week had fled,  
No word or messenger was sent from home  
To summon Benedetta. She delayed  
One day, and two, and three, and then grew troubled,  
And firmly said, "I must return at once!  
I know my mother's mind, — I've disobeyed,  
And she is angry with me, and waits now  
For me to come without another call!"  
And nought that Sanzio's ready wit devised,  
No argument or eloquence, availed  
To change her purpose. So she came to him  
One morning early, with the hasty words,  
"Farewell, — I go, my Sanzio! An old friend  
Of Nina's journeys on my way to-day,  
And I will join her, and am all-prepared."

"But you will come again, my Benedetta!"  
He cried, and passionately seized her hands.  
"Promise, — nay, swear, you will return to me  
Soon, soon, — lest you would see me — Oh, my Love,  
How can I bear that you and I should part!"  
"I will, I will, I promise! If I can  
I shall come back to you!" she said; and then,  
Ere he could hold her fast, sped to the door,  
But on the threshold turned, flew back once more,  
And flung her arms about him, whispering, breathless,  
"And yet if I should not return, — not soon, —  
For should my mother keep me for a while,  
I must submit me to the penalty, —  
But trust me, surely I will come ere long!  
Be thanked a thousand times, Sanzio, my Love,  
For all the passing sweetness of these days!"  
A fleeting touch, a breath upon his lips,  
And she had vanished, seeing not the hands  
Vainly stretched out to hold her back.

## The hours

To those she left behind, dragged slowly on,  
Joyless and long as an eternity.  
Old Nina sadly missed the sweet, bright face;  
Turned oft and often to an opening door  
With the vague hope to see it enter there.  
For ah, 'twas true enough, she soon had learned  
To love her as the apple of her eye!  
She, too, had had a daughter long ago,  
And fondly fancied she must now have been  
As tall and fair as this, if Heaven had not  
Seen fit to call the dear babe to Himself!  
And Sanzio thought in truth, sunshine and spring  
Had suddenly faded from the darkened earth.  
His labor flagged that day; — the light was wrong,  
His hand unsteady, and the canvas warped,  
The colors would not mingle as he wished, —  
All things seemed somehow out of joint and tune,  
Till wearied and impatient he sprang up,  
Left hapless work behind, and hastened out  
To wander through the silent streets alone.  
And worst of all, the morrow seemed to bring  
Small hope or promise of aught better things.  
And thus a week wore on in undelight  
Without a word from her. When suddenly,  
As once towards nightfall he flung down his brush,

Resolved to go to her that very eve  
And bring her back with him at every cost, —  
A light familiar step stole in, and she  
Whose image never left him day or night  
Threw herself weeping on his breast and cried,  
"My Sanzio, I have come to you again!  
Now keep me and be kind to me forever!"

Speechless with glad surprise, he held her thus  
An instant, when she said between her sobs,  
And many pauses in her broken speech, —  
"My poor old mother is no more! She slept  
So long and late one morn three days ago,  
I went to call, but could not waken her;  
God in the night had taken her away!  
I would have sent for you, but there was none  
To bring the message, — and this afternoon  
We laid her in the ground! Oh, this great blow  
Has come so suddenly, I can scarce believe  
I shall not see her more! But oh, the house  
Looked so deserted, dark, and desolate,  
I could not stay, but hastened here to you!  
Ah, she was good to me, and loved me well,  
Though she but little showed it, and seemed stern;  
And she was all I had! There's no one now  
In all the whole wide world to claim and own me!"

But this is joy, not cause for tears, dear heart!  
Sanzio had well-nigh cried, but checked himself,  
And only strained her to his heart and said,  
"O Love, sweet Love, now you are mine in truth!"  
Then listened long in silent sympathy  
As she related all her mournful tale,  
What she had seen and suffered since she left him;  
How she had found her mother, as she feared,  
Displeased and wroth, but won her pardon soon;  
How she had sometimes slightly ailed of late,  
Yet ne'er complained, and never spoke of this,  
But how she felt well sure that she had died  
At peace with God and her, and all the world.  
And when her eyes oft filled and overflowed,  
Sanzio would soothe and softly talk to her,  
As he had comforted a grieving child,  
Till she looked up and smiled amid her tears.

Thus bloomed and faded spring's sweet buds and blossoms,  
And ripened into summer's golden fruit,  
While Benedetta dwelt in Sanzio's home  
Long, happy weeks, — happy for all and all;  
For, though she often sat alone, and wept  
Her grandam's memory much, when Sanzio came  
He laughed away the melancholy mood;  
And, seeing he grew sad to find her so,  
She learned to shed her tears in secret first,  
And then at length they ceased to flow. Her heart  
Grew lighter, and her smiles came back again,  
And the new grief seemed merged and lost, well-nigh,  
In the old gladness, — what though sometimes now  
She scarce saw Sanzio through the whole long day;  
For, taking up the busy life once more  
Whose course her coming had an instant stemmed,  
He was much absent, head and hands employed  
On weighty errands; or from morn till eve  
Strangers and pupils thronged the quiet work-room,  
All eager for the master's eye and word.  
Then Benedetta shyly kept herself  
Aloof and hidden out of sight, so none  
Guessed at her presence, save the few old friends  
Who knew of it before; Count Baldassar,  
Kind ever and familiar as of old,  
Came to the kitchen sometimes, — where she stayed  
With Nina now, and busily at work, —  
And talked to her an hour, and pleasantly  
Helped on the slowly moving time. And Sanzio,  
With delicate regard and subtle tact,  
Honored this shrinking modesty in her,  
And never sought to break on her reserve.  
Once he had gently questioned her, — a day  
That guests were bidden to a merry feast.  
But when she looked at him with pleading eyes,  
And mutely shook her head, he pressed no further,  
And only said, "My poor, sweet, captive bird,  
Have patience yet a little while! 'Twill not  
Be ever thus, — I shall be free ere long  
To come to you again, and then, dear heart,  
We'll try our wings on many a joyous flight  
Through wood and field together!"

## Long that night

She lay awake, and from her chamber heard  
Far off the sound of laughter and loud song  
Ring through the silent house, and sadly thought  
That Sanzio's heart was far away from her.  
And then, remembering all the love he knew, —  
Had she not often from the window watched  
How, when he scarce appeared, a host of friends  
Thronged round and followed him far down the street, —  
She humbly crossed her hands upon her bosom,  
And wondered what he found in such as her  
To love so well.

But yet the happy time  
He spoke of came; for as the days went on,

And summer burned with fierce and fiercer heat  
From out a blazing sky of merciless blue  
Down on the parching streets and thirsty fields, —  
The city grew deserted, friends and pupils  
Fled from her withering breath, and Sanzio thus  
Was left in solitude; for he alone,  
The greatest laborer among them all,  
Chose to remain, and suffered not his hands  
To pause at their immortal work. And now  
Would Benedetta come to him again,  
As in those first and sweetest days of all,  
Each morning to the work-room, bringing flowers  
Wherewith to make it bright.

It long had grown  
To seem a simple and most natural thing  
Thus to be with him; thrilled her now no more  
With something new and strange, a fluttering sense,  
Half sweet, half painful, when he kissed her lips,  
Or drew her towards him, — ever tenderly,  
And well-nigh ever gently. And yet sometimes  
A subtle fire burned on his lips; he strained her  
With a swift, passionate fierceness to his heart  
That made her shrink, and trembling break away  
From his encircling arms, while he, without  
A single word, but with a strange, dark look,  
Turned suddenly from her.

And one dreary night, —  
A threatened storm had burst towards fall of eve,  
And still the sobbing wind, scarce quieted  
From its first fury, moaned about the house, —  
She thought she heard a soft, half-stifled sigh  
Come through her chamber door, "O Benedetta!"  
Startled, with wide eyes straining through the dark,  
She sat up listening; silence for a time,  
And then again, more softly than before, —  
"O Benedetta mine!" She knew the voice,  
And fancied it rose up close to the floor.  
Sanzio upon his knees! — such image flashed  
Swiftly before her, as she trembling pressed  
Her cold, clasped hands upon her burning eyes.  
Outside the faintest stir, — a gliding step  
That crept away as noiseless as a breath  
But for the feeble creaking of the stairs, —  
Then deepest stillness; so unbroken soon  
By any sound save that of the great rain-drops  
That now began to fall again, and beat  
With gentle patten on the window-pane,  
That Benedetta, — burying her face  
Deep in the pillows, while a yearning wish  
Her mother lived, she wept at home once more,  
Stole on her aching heart, — wondered ere long  
If it could all have been a troubled dream,  
Or some poor little nibbling mouse, mayhap,  
Have startled her from sleep. And wondering thus,  
Lay wide awake until the early dawn  
Crept upward in the skies; knew not that 'neath  
The same still roof, a burning, storm-tossed soul  
Through all the night had wrestled with itself  
In a long, bitter struggle, and that he  
Who slowly then at length rose from his knees  
Cried with white lips, but firm, uplifted brow,  
"My God, what sin there was, it is atoned!"

And when she went that morning to the work room,  
The eyes that met hers were so frank and clear  
That she cast down her own. "What is it, Love?"  
He asked, and took her hands, swift to detect  
The unwonted shadow on her face. "Methinks  
You have not rested well!" "My Sanzio, — ay, —  
Something, I scarce know what, — perchance a mouse,  
Broke on my sleep, and kept me long awake!"  
"A mouse!" he said. "How! — But I cannot let  
A naughty mouse dim those sweet eyes of mine!  
We must have Nina set a trap for him, —  
He'll trouble you no more!"

And after this  
He ever proved so kind, so gently tender,  
Calling her sometimes, Little Sister mine,  
That Benedetta's grateful heart went out  
With deeper love each day, and clung to him  
In undivided confidence; and life  
Flowed on in sweetest, cloudless summer peace  
To both of them. Save that one other day  
He marked a shade on Benedetta's brow,  
And when he questioned her, she said at length,  
Though with half hesitating words, "I sat  
Below, close to the window, and o'erheard  
Two men that talked together in the street.  
They stopped and pointed to this house, and laughed,  
And said ill things of us! Of you, — and me!"  
"Pooh, Little Sister, is that all your grief?"  
He gayly cried. "Then pray you be consoled!  
Ay, let them babble to their hearts' content.  
What matters unto you and me, dear Love,  
The gossip of such idle tongues? Think you  
If the blest Saints and white-winged little Angels,  
Or your dear mother, 'mid the joys of heaven,  
Look down on us, they shake their heads and frown?  
Nay, but I tell you they most kindly smile!"

(To be continued.)

## CULTURE AND MUSIC.

[From the London Musical Standard.]

Now that the universities have all closed their doors against candidates for musical degrees who will not or cannot furnish proof of having received at least some part of what is usually described as "a liberal education," doubts are beginning to find utterance as to whether those literary qualifications will be of any further use to a candidate after they have served as the first stepping-stone to the acquisition of the degree. These doubts emanate, for the most part, from the same quarters as the complaints about the utility of musical degrees, and it is only natural that they who attach no importance to such degrees should attempt to cast ridicule upon the educational tests by which those degrees must now be preceded. The people who tell us that the science of acoustics has no connection with the art of music will, of course, contend not only that a musician will be no better in any way because he can translate Xenophon and Horace, work all the problems in the first six books of Euclid, or arrive at a rapid solution of a difficult numerical puzzle by means of an algebraic equation, but that he can be fully equipped for his art without a knowledge of harmony and counterpoint. For, if it means anything at all, this is what is involved in the outcry, long ago raised, and recently revived, against musical degrees. This part of the question, however, lies within very narrow limits. A composer, be he great or small, known or unknown, cannot work without harmony, and if it be contended that genius can dispense with counterpoint, harmony, fugue, etc., we can only say that the genius who *has* dispensed with these requirements has not yet appeared, but, if existent at all, has hitherto wasted his sweetness on the air of some desert unknown to fame. It is absurd in the extreme to talk of writing fugal choruses without a knowledge of fugal rules, or of composing harmonious music without first studying the laws of harmony; and this being so, it is equally absurd to rant against degrees which prove a man's fitness to exercise the calling by which he has elected to live. Every musician who is not a charlatan ought to know the things against which this outcry is raised; the great masters — with the exception of that one wiseacre who strives to show that Handel was not a musician — all knew them; it is impossible to be a musician without knowing them; and a musical degree is a proof to the world that its holder does know them. Less than this a degree cannot be; more than this it does not pretend to be. To sneer at musical degrees seems to us to indicate but little knowledge and less wisdom.

But, on the other aspect of the case, — the advantage of literary culture to a composer, — there is also much to be said. The modern apostles of a musical *agnosia* think apparently that they have made out a grand case when they have triumphantly asked, in a tone which implies, that a reply will never be forthcoming, "What the better will a musician be for knowing Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, quadratic equations, or conic sections? Of what use can these things be to him, either as

a composer, executant, or teacher?" Much every way. The advantages of culture to the musician are incalculable; and if the advocates of ignorance could point to a single great musician who was not also an educated man, we should yet contend that education, culture, and acquaintance with other arts, would have widened his views and refined his intellect, and made him to that extent a greater musician than he was. We shall not be astonished at any wild statements which may be made for the purpose of supporting a weak cause; and if it should be alleged that the most brilliant stars in the musical firmament were not cultured men, we should, even after receiving evidence in support of such an assertion — which evidence we venture to think would not be forthcoming — still dare to believe that if they were so great without culture, they would have been far greater with it. We have never heard of musical degrees being despised by those who had by sheer force of intellect obtained them, nor have we yet seen learning or culture decry by those who possessed either.

Culture — the mental discipline which real education ensures — is advantageous in many ways to any one who intends to follow music as a profession. It gives, to begin with, that mental grasp, that grip, that firm hold of a subject, that concentration of mind upon one thing at a time, and that energy of purpose, the absence of which has squandered so many lives, made abortive so many noble resolves, and utterly ruined so much of what would otherwise have been magnificent art-work. The man whose mind has been trained by translating involved Latin sentences, or solving intricate mathematical problems, is accustomed to hard thinking, close reasoning, clear definition, and the tracking out of subtle distinctions; he carries these habits of mind into all his work, and whether he possess a genius for composition or not, he can no more help being influenced through life by such a training than he can alter his stature. His music, as well as his whole life, will bear the unmistakable impress of his culture. The entire man is moulded by it, and he could not, even if he wished it, escape from its benign influence.

The actual benefits which a rigid classical and mathematical training confers upon a man, whether he be a genius or not, are many, and among them are these — *power of concentration*, which enables a man to bring his whole soul to bear upon the work in hand; *clearness of mind*, which stamps his mental work, as it were, with the brand of lucid, logical, sequential thought; *reserve power*, which helps him to lay hold of suggestions or inspirations at the moment of their advent even though that may not be a fitting time for their elaboration, and lay them by for future use; and an *exalted standard of perfection*, which, by excluding low aims, effectually prevents him from frittering away his powers upon work which is unworthy of him. Now, if these advantages are bestowed by culture, — which no cultured man will for a moment doubt, — it becomes necessary, in order to avoid confusion of thought, to point out what genius can and cannot do for its possessor. Men of genius, especially musicians, are coming to be looked

on from an art point of view much as the apostles of Christianity are too often regarded from a religious point of view, as exalted beings who had pleasures, did work, and lived lives quite beyond the ken of common mortals. These ideas are not healthy, and do grievous injury to art and to religion. Those apostles were "men of like passions with ourselves," who had to live pretty much under the same conditions as other men lived, and do their work amid the ordinary, common relationships of every-day life. The same is true of any one of the great composers. The part which "genius" (as the word is commonly understood) took in the production of any inspired musical work was not nearly so great as most people seem to imagine, while the influence of those qualities of mind which we have indicated as the result of culture, and which are not peculiar to men of genius, was far greater than many are prepared to admit. Genius no doubt originated the divine melodies of Spohr's "Power of Sound," or Beethoven's B-flat Symphony, or Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony; but it was not, we think, genius which developed the "form" in which those deathless works are cast, seeing that "good form" is found in many works which do not contain one spark of genius; and it was certainly not genius which enabled these composers to write correctly for the instruments in an orchestra, or to mould their divine thoughts in a shape which should render them intelligible to the ordinary mind. Genius can suggest, in a vague way, — at times a very vague way indeed, — thoughts which are without doubt inspired; but genius alone does not and cannot enable its possessor to benefit the world by his inspiration. It is here that the work of genius ends and that of culture begins; and when details have to be considered, ways and means found out, and practical ends accomplished, unaided genius is powerless, and even inspiration sinks baffled if it cannot fall back upon those mental qualities which only culture can bring to perfection. Men of genius are numerous; and we speak in all earnestness when we say that thousands are the recipients of inspired ideas of whom the world never hears, because they have not received that culture by which alone their genius can be made manifest and their inspiration utilized for the benefit of their fellows. It is inexpressibly painful to think of what the world loses when her men of genius are not also men of culture. Inspiration comes to one and to another, here and there, and genius is born in more men than the world knows of; but it is only when it finds a cultured mind that it thrives and grows. How much good work is lost because men lack concentrative power, clearness of thought, reserve force, and high ideas of perfection! The great masters of music were all inspired men; but they were more than this — they were cultured men, trained thinkers, logical reasoners, systematic workers; their works prove this beyond all controversy. If they were not all trained by means of Latin, Greek, or mathematics, they were trained by means which produced the same results. Had it been otherwise, they could not possibly have left behind them those works which have shed upon their names an undying lustre.



Whatever position a musician may be called to fill, he will be a better man if he be a cultured man, even though he have no more culture than is implied in the preliminary literary test which is now the indispensable first step to a musical degree at the three universities, — not because so much Latin or Greek will effect certain results, but because the mental effort necessary to attain those languages trains the whole mind, brings a man, so to speak, within his own grasp, subdues his mind to his will, and gives him that self control which is the best preparation for the work of life. If he is to be a cathedral organist, his culture will widen his views, and make his *dicta* on art-matters respected as well as worthy of respect. If he is called to act as a parish organist, he will carry with him into the service of the church a delicacy and refinement which will be of priceless value to sacred art. If he be a conductor, his trained mind will act like magic on those who place themselves under his guidance and obey his bâton. If he is a teacher only, he will be free from that rudeness which too often marks the unlettered musician, and renders him contemptible in the eyes of those who employ him only because there is no other teacher. And if, in any of these positions, he have genius as well as culture, he will be able to bring to bear upon his inspired thoughts a clear, logical, well-trained mind; he will be able to use to advantage those odd minutes which are all that most men can in these days spare for composition, and he will, above all, be saved by his cultured intellect from composing anything "common or unclean," or falling into the deadly snare of writing down to popular taste.

"Sepe stilum vertas iterum quæ digna legi sint  
Scripturus, neque te ut miretur turba labores,  
Contentus paucis lectoribus."

Nothing so much as culture will give to an inspired composer that divine satisfaction in his work which will enable him to be "content with few readers," and confident in the verdict of posterity. It is culpable folly to despise culture, and to try to convince musicians that they will be no better for their learning, seeing that no man, whatever his genius, unless he be aided by those powers of mind which culture (and not genius) must develop, can prevent his inspired thoughts from being lost in eternal silence.

#### IN MEMORIAM: AUGUST KREISSMANN.

ADDRESS BY F. H. UNDERWOOD.

[On Friday evening, June 13th, the Orpheus Musical Society, of Boston, held at its rooms a memorial service in honor of its first conductor, AUGUST KREISSMANN, who died in Germany March 12, 1879. The exercises, which were private, were very impressive, consisting (1) of the singing, by the Orpheus, of the German Grave Song, "Du unten ist Friede." (2.) An address by F. H. Underwood, Esq. (3) Part-Song: "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh." (4.) Address in German by Dr. B. De Gersdorf. (5.) Agnus Dei, from Cherubini's Mass, for male voices. Mr. Underwood has kindly furnished us the manuscript of his address for publication.]

We are met to do honor to the memory of August Kreissmann. The elder members of the Orpheus Society do not need to be told what manner of man he was. To those who knew him he was more than a name. But new generations press on; the glad and eager eyes of youth look forward and not backward; and after

the lapse of a very few years, when the most beloved and honored among us passes away, we come to realize the terrible truth of the Roman poet: *Pulvis et umbra sumus*. We are dust and a shade.

To brighten the fading lineaments of our lamented friend, and to restore for the time the semblance of life to his person and character, it may be allowed briefly to recount something of his history and of his work in the world.

He was born in 1823 in Frankenhausen, Thuringia; probably in humble circumstances. He studied music at Rudolstadt, and had learned to play the bassoon. The Princess Caroline, of Schomberg Lippe, had observed his bright face, his look of intelligence, as well as his proficiency, and, finding that he had also a fine voice, became his patroness.

He went to Bueckeberg, where he soon came into society and was recognized as a rising man. There he studied history and languages, as well as music and harmony. There, too, he found powerful friends in the family of Langerfeldt, two of whom are members of our society to-day.

In 1844 he went to Leipzig and entered the Conservatory, where he remained a diligent student for two years. He next passed two years at Milan for the purpose of perfecting his vocal training. Upon returning to Leipzig he married, and shortly after sailed to America, arriving in New York in 1849.

The Princess Caroline died in 1843, but the Prince, who was himself interested in the young musician, continued the payment of the allowance she had granted him up to the time of his leaving Milan.

The patronage of the great only aided in the development of Kreissmann's artistic nature; it is hardly necessary to say that no culture can create a poetic soul. The sense of beauty, the instinct of grace, the perception of symmetry and fitness, are inborn: and they will manifest themselves, whether in the tones of an orchestral player, in the natural voice and untaught mastery of a singer, in the forms of a sculptor or wood-carver, or in the fine lines and harmonious colors of the painter.

Kreissmann was born an artist, and felt in his soul the overpowering influence of the ideal in art. It was fortunate indeed that he was assisted in his early days; but it was the world's good fortune as much as his own. The Princess was one of the instruments of Providence.

Upon his arrival in New York he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Dr. Lowell Mason, then at the height of his reputation and influence, and through him was introduced to the musical public. He attended musical conventions as a solo singer under Dr. Mason's management, and after a time came to Boston.

Here his true musical life began. Here he became known to those who loved music for music's sake; and he brought with him the freshest and finest songs then known. From him the Boston public first heard the incomparable beauty of Schubert, Franz, and Schumann, the more mundane graces of Abt, and the immortal strains of the "Adelaide" of Beethoven. The classic forms, the perfect accompaniments, — all that makes the typical German song the interpreter of thought and emotion, — were first revealed in any large way to the Boston public by August Kreissmann. It is a trite but significant phrase, but he became the fashion. People who had starved upon the inanities of modern psalmody, who were tired of the forced brilliancy of Italian opera, and were disgusted with the commonplace of British composers, found in the overflowing fountain of German song the sources of the keenest and most lasting pleasure. Directly or remotely the musical knowledge, feeling, and capacity of

every person in this region has been affected in this way.

Before the time I am speaking of we were confined to indigenous music, — much as one speaks of domestic cigars and native wine, — to fragments of opera imperfectly rendered, and to English ballads and glees. I am not depreciating the music of other nations, and I do not consider that Germany, by any means, has the monopoly of vocal art or composition. But it was from Germany that we learned that a song, whether for a single voice or in parts, was a composite idea, — that words and music, thought and form, melody and accompaniment, should be parts of one whole.

Whatever was best in musical society became friendly to Kreissmann. To count the names of his friends is to mention the musical families of Boston. The Chickering, in particular, were his ardent supporters; and the Dwights, Schlesingers, Dresels, Uphams, Apthorps, Loring, and many more, were constant and devoted to him.

Here was the sphere of his activity. German by birth and training, he became a Bostonian to his heart's core. He left his native land at maturity, upon completing his studies, and only returned there when disease had totally incapacitated him for labor. It was a second transplanting of a full-grown tree. His own country, therefore, knew but little of him. Boston was his heart's home, and Boston knew him.

He was largely occupied with church music, and sang at first in the Rev. Mr. Coolidge's church, at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Beech Street, since demolished. Afterwards, for a considerable period, he led the choir at the Rev. Edward E. Hale's church. This situation he resigned on account of ill health. Subsequently he sang at St. Mark's, and later at Brookline. All the time he was engaged in composing or adapting anthems and motets for the services. Though he was not in any sense a great composer, his work was marked by an original vein of melody, by refined taste, and religious feeling.

During his season of greatest prosperity he lived at No. 14 Hudson Street, where he gave lessons and entertained his musical friends. Those were his happiest days, — days of active and contented labor, crowned with success, and devoted to dear and enduring friendships. Equally free from penuriousness and prodigality, he lived a life of serene pleasure, cheered by the thought that his modest savings would render his last days comfortable.

In this period he had many pupils whose voices and style he formed, and who yet remain with us, glad to acknowledge their obligations to the master.

We are chiefly interested, however, in another sphere of his activity. Within a year after his coming to Boston he began to drill choruses, both mixed and male voices. A society of male singers, called the Liederkrantz, was organized, and met for some time at Pfaff's Hotel. Afterwards it was called the Männerchor. Finally, in 1854, all the eligible members were brought together under the name of Orpheus.

You can see them in that most interesting old photograph in the steward's room. There are to be seen in youthful bloom Kreissmann, Weissbein, Langerfeldt, Heidenreich, Housman, Engelhardt, Gems, Isador Eichberg, Esbach, Roeth, Hetzer, Schraubstaedter, whom you will recognize as the fathers of the society. Some are dead, and some are far away. God preserve and long continue with us those that are left!

The Orpheus was the first among societies of the kind in America. Now every city boasts its club, all modeled from their prototype. Kreissmann was leader and first tenor. He arranged

or composed their music. He was an assiduous and skillful drill-master; and being himself singer as well as conductor he accomplished unexpected results with scanty numbers. He was able and courteous, never swerving from principle, but maintaining his leadership with rare and exquisite tact. All this he did freely, for the love of art; wholly unselfish, because he toiled for the pleasure and improvement of others, and without a thought of reward.

In those days there were no cabals or whisperings; none were absent or tardy; the society was compact as the Greek phalanx. Rehearsals, as well as concerts, found every man in his place, proud of the growing renown of the society, and entirely loyal to its self-sacrificing and energetic leader.

There were not then many skilled and accomplished male singers in Boston, and the formation of the Orpheus was a work requiring patience. Since that time music has been taught in common schools, and the knowledge and practice of the art are widely diffused; and it has been an easier task to form an Apollo or a Boylston chorus. The infancy of the Orpheus was in the day of small things.

When we hear the magnificent concerts of these later and much larger societies, and when we honor, as we ought, the ability, liberality, and taste which have called them into being, let us not forget the labors of the pioneer conductor that made these grander successes possible.

"Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labors." I confidently, therefore, call upon the members of whatever societies are highest in renown to join with us in doing honor to the memory of August Kreissmann.

Our friend came to this country in his early manhood, but in truth he was always young. With sound physical health and steady nerves, he had more than the usual exuberance of feeling; and this was not expended wholly on his art; his joyous spirit and sunny smile irradiated every circle in which he moved. Hence he was, more than most musicians, a positive force and a controlling influence in the musical world. There are many fine natures that have not the faculty of communication. There are many musicians to whom the laws of harmony and the æsthetics of music are matters of familiar knowledge, who yet preserve a cloistered privacy, and whose powers are known only to a few most intimate friends. However profound these men may be, and however worthy of admiration, they cannot hope to wield any extended influence nor to enjoy any general appreciation. There are distributors of musical as of literary thought, men who interpret the ideas of the great masters, and bring their conceptions within the popular apprehension. These men have something more than the possession of power; their natures are magnetic, and they kindle the hearts of pupils and friends with their own enthusiasm. This, I think, was the supreme quality of our friend Kreissmann. When he stood in his place as conductor, every person within reach felt his commanding influence. Those who looked at his earnest eyes and his strong compelling gestures felt that they *must* sing; and when, after rehearsal, he took his place with the first tenors, his voice sounded like the call of a chieftain to battle. Those who heard him, however, and particularly those who knew him, need not be reminded that the power of the man was not the result of mere animal vigor. He did not revel in noise. He had the finest appreciation of what was lovely, tender, and pathetic; and the strains of his chorus could be as soft as the west wind on a tranquil summer evening.

In this hurried sketch you will observe a man of fine physical powers, with attractive features

and presence, with a voice that was noble by nature and refined by art; with a generous, unselfish heart; with singular enthusiasm in his profession, fortunate in every musical undertaking, gathering around him troops of devoted friends, living a pure and simple life, exerting an influence unparalleled before his time, and leaving behind him a memory of love and reverence.

What could I say more? He lived, and he loved. He followed the path of duty and performed his appointed tasks.

It was not necessary for him to have reached the coveted bound of threescore and ten in order to have filled out a perfectly rounded life.

In the summer of 1865 his health began to fail. He tried the effects of medicinal springs, but with little result. The physicians could do nothing for him. He was reluctant to give up, but as the symptoms became more urgent he began to think that a change of climate might be beneficial. At all events a season of rest amid the scenes of the fatherland would be a relief. He had accumulated a modest competency, — so he supposed, — though by what mishaps and mismanagement (not his own) that property was scattered and lost, need not be related here. He went to Germany in 1866, and was for a time, I believe, at Carlsbad, where he obtained temporary relief.

The following year he returned to this country in improved health, though still feeble and a sufferer. The struggle continued for some years between the strong will and the insidious disease. He gave lessons when he could, and strove to be cheerful and to think of himself as getting the better of the enemy. For some time he was one of the corps of the Boston Conservatory. But he was not improving, nor even holding his own. His infirmities increased, and he was sinking almost to helplessness.

In 1873 he went to Germany and settled in the little principality of Gera. He did not know that he had gone to meet his fate. He taught as long as his infirmities would permit, but was compelled finally to desist; and I am afraid we must say that his later days were passed in gloom, if not in actual want. When his condition became known here, friends hastened to send him relief; and plans were in progress which would have placed him in easy circumstances. But death came, and with kindly touch ended his sorrows with his life, and left him in the long repose to which we are all tending.

All we can do is to be silent in the presence of the great mystery, — a mystery as inscrutable now as when the first man obeyed the resistless summons.

We know we shall not again look upon his bright and cheerful face, nor listen to the beloved tones of his voice, nor again clasp his friendly hand.

Affection may picture him in the Elysian fields, joining in the melodies of the immortals; but with our finite faculties we have no ears for the sounds beyond sense. All that remains to us is the noble image which arises in thought's interior sphere at the sound of his name.

He is at rest.

Warte nur, warte nur! balde  
Ruhest du auch.

#### THE SAENGERFEST AT CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1879.

In matters of musical criticism, when circumstances tend for the time to prejudice or bias one, it is doubtless conducive to an impartial opinion that a period of time be permitted to elapse before venturing to express it. While, therefore, the following remarks on the "Sängerfest" (a word which may now be called an Americanism in the

vocabulary of Cincinnati journalists) may seem to be somewhat belated, I hope they may yet prove of interest to some of your readers, as they have been postponed with the object of making them more reliable and free from all extraneous influences. It is certainly a pleasant custom to celebrate extraordinary feasts of song, in which hundreds participate, with festivities which assist in creating enthusiasm and make the people more susceptible for the art-repast in store, provided the necessary preparation for the latter is not made impossible by the social pleasures of the former.

When thirty years ago the humble foundation was laid for the "North American Sängerbund," it was certainly not intended that the social features at the biennial feasts should in any way interfere with their artistic success; for the different clauses of the constitution and the by-laws all testify to an earnest desire to make the musical features the chief end and aim of these gatherings. There is a trait in the German character called *Gemüthlichkeit*, — this word alone can express it, — which, when well directed, is a great help toward concentrated action, but when unbridled is inclined to lead to excess. This tendency soon became prominent at the "Sängerfests," and proved a decided drawback to the efforts of those who were interested in carrying out the original object of making them instrumental in furthering the progress of musical art. In Cleveland this was so unpleasantly evident that steps were at once taken to remedy the evil, and, as the sequel proved, with the best success. At the "Sängerfest" in Louisville, a mixed chorus for the first time took part, and the measures instituted to secure attendance on the rehearsals gave it a new musical importance. When Cincinnati was decided upon as the place for holding the next festival it became evident to every one that, in view of the remarkable musical and pecuniary achievements at the May festivals, no effort must be spared to uphold the dignity of the gatherings of the "Sängerbund," by making this one, at least, an artistic success. And it is a pleasant duty to chronicle that this end was gained.

Mr. Carl Barus, who was elected musical director, left nothing undone to insure thorough preparation on the part of the societies attending. So strictly were his injunctions obeyed that a large and influential society of male singers was refused permission to participate, having been found insufficiently prepared. At the Reception Concert the usual formalities of transferring the banner of the "Bund" were dispatched as rapidly as possible. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was then performed under the able direction of Mr. Otto Singer, by a chorus of singers from Cincinnati only. It was a promising inauguration of the series of concerts. The choruses, especially of the first part, were sung with spirit and precision. The volume of sound was quite sufficient to produce a powerful effect in the vast hall, while the balance of the parts, and in consequence the tone-color, was very good. The opening chorus was rendered with such spirit and enthusiasm as to put the audience into the happy frame of mind so essential to keep up the energy of the singers and the interest of the listeners. The short dramatic choruses, which form a characteristic feature of the oratorio, were given with intense effect. In the second part there was a perceptible falling off in spirit and accuracy, owing, doubtless, in a great measure to the late hour and the growing restlessness in the audience. The soprano solos were sung by Mme. Otto-Alvsleben, who, at the recommendation of Carl Reinecke, had been engaged to come from Dresden as "prima donna" for this festival. Her voice is phenomenal neither in quality nor quantity, but



she uses her resources so artistically that nothing appears wanting. Her phrasing is most excellent, evidently the result of long and serious study; her vocalization very good, as was shown in her singing of the bravura aria from *L'Étoile du Nord*, in one of the matinées. In the recitatives her declamation was admirable. Miss Josie Jones-Yorke, one of the alto-soloists of the Carl Rosa Opera Company in London, made the most possible of the little allotted to her in the oratorio. In the arioso, "But the Lord is mindful," she proved herself possessed of a beautiful voice, well-cultivated, and of a thoroughly artistic conception of the music. The impression she made was deepened by her singing at a subsequent matinée. Mr. Bischoff and Mr. Remmert are so well known that it is scarcely necessary to say that they were fully equal to their parts in the oratorio.

The programme of the second concert contained, as principal numbers, "German Battle Vow and Prayer," by F. Möhring, for bass solo and male chorus; "Easter Morning," F. Hiller, soprano solo and male chorus; and in the second part, "Paradise Lost," by Rubinstein, for solo voices and mixed chorus. There were about 800 male singers on the stage when Mr. Barus appeared at the conductor's desk. From such a number the audience had a right to expect a grand volume of sound; but when the first chord after the instrumental introduction burst forth, not a few of the thousands of listeners looked at each other in utter astonishment. Such an overwhelming tone-wave had never rolled through the immense hall. The effect was indescribable. Trumpets, trombones, and tubas were completely drowned; the robust, powerful German voices alone were heard. It was repeatedly said by persons qualified to pass judgment that such a male chorus had never been heard before in this country. Mr. Remmert, in the bass solo, displayed his powerful voice to the best advantage. In the "Easter Morning," Madame Alvsleben sang at a disadvantage when the irresistible power of the male chorus is considered, but, nevertheless, she succeeded in bringing her part into the prominence given it by the composer, and in bringing out the original effect which the peculiar combination of a soprano-solo with male voices produces. Notwithstanding the size of the chorus, the singing was throughout precise and accurate, and in some passages remarkable for the dynamic gradations observed. The selections from Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" introduced the "full mixed chorus," made up of societies from Louisville and Indianapolis, in addition to the local singers. Some parts of the composition are commonplace, others very interesting. In all the choruses Rubinstein's peculiar talent for making effects with masses is noticeable. The performance was very satisfactory, and, although after the singing of the male choruses, it was difficult to hold the interest of the audience, it was duly appreciated. The solo parts were in good hands, having been assigned to Miss Heckle, a Cincinnati singer, recently returned from a year's study with Stockhausen in Frankfort, Mr. Bischoff, and Mr. Remmert.

The musical event of the festival to which every one looked forward with the greatest interest was the performing of Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem*. For months this work had been most carefully rehearsed with the chorus; and the orchestra, too, had been carefully prepared for the difficult task which the composer has allotted to it. With a large, well-trained chorus, an orchestra sufficiently numerous to execute the full score without omitting any one of the instruments or substituting one for the other; finally, with eminent soloists, an excellent rendering was to be expected. And the expectations were realized.

Verdi's work is one which, if justice is to be done to it, must be spoken of at length. The occasional predominance of the opera composer over the evident desire to preserve the church style in the mass makes it of very unequal merit. The perfect control, however, over all the resources of the solo, chorus, and orchestra, which is shown on every page, must be admired. In many places the scoring is almost audacious, bordering on the very extreme limits of what is beautiful in art, while other passages are treated with the greatest moderation and taste, at the same time with perfect originality; for instance, the "Quid sum miser" with the bassoon accompaniment. But in the space of this letter it is impossible to give even a superficial idea of the character of the work. The difficulties which in the course of the composition are thrown on the soloists, chorus, and orchestra are numerous, and frequently almost impracticable. While they were generally successfully surmounted, there were features in the performance which were most admirable. The "Dies Iræ," the weighty bass passage with the syncopations in the other parts of the "Rex tremende," were sung with thrilling effect, while the "Sanctus," which the composer calls a "fugue for two choirs" (it is nothing more than a *fugato*), and the closing chorus, likewise a fugue, received a correct and transparent rendering. The soloists were Mme. Otto Alvsleben, Miss Cranch, Mr. Fritsch, and Mr. Whitney. In the solo parts the mass presents the greatest difficulties; not only are the voices constantly employed in their widest compass, but in modulation there is an arbitrariness which makes perfect intonation and the preserving of the pitch extremely uncertain, as, for instance, the solo quartet, *à capella*, "Pie Jesu." It speaks well for the artistic conscientiousness of the soloists that, almost without exception, the ensemble parts were sung faultlessly in every respect; evidently they had been carefully prepared. The excellences of Mme. Alvsleben's singing, her perfect control of the voice, her fine declamation, and her artistic discrimination in producing effects, for which the mass presents such ample opportunity, became more than ever before evident. The mezzo-soprano part, which is really the most important of the solo voices in the mass, was rendered by Miss Cranch in most admirable style. In addition to perfect vocalization and pure intonation in the most difficult intervals, there was a dramatic intensity and genuine feeling pervading her singing, which created a profound impression. The duet "Recordare, Jesu pie," for soprano and mezzo-soprano, marked the climax in the performance of the soloists, and worked up the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The understanding of the two singers in every respect, in breathing, phrasing, dynamic changes, was perfect, and produced a most delightful effect. Mr. Fritsch was at his best. He never sang in Cincinnati to better advantage, although the tenor part is very exacting. Mr. Whitney, in the bass solo, "Confutatis," had occasion to display his beautiful voice and the dignity of his style, while in the ensemble number he, as well as Mr. Fritsch, showed praiseworthy moderation.

I cannot close this short sketch of the evening concerts without making favorable mention of the orchestra. While the nucleus consisted of local musicians, the best available talent was engaged from neighboring cities, and the number swelled to about 110 pieces. Especially noticeable was the size of the string orchestra in comparison to the wind instruments. The effect was most excellent. The brass instruments, even in the loudest passages, never became unpleasantly prominent; the coloring was always subdued by the mass of strings, a feature which made a most favorable impression on me.

Of the three matinées I will not speak in detail, as they offered nothing of special interest. Besides the soloists already mentioned, there appeared on these occasions Miss Friedenheimer, of Louisville; Miss Balatka, daughter of the well-known director, Hans Balatka, now of Chicago; Mr. Andres, with an organ solo; Mr. Carpe, in the E-flat piano concerto of Beethoven; and Mr. Michael Brand as 'cello-soloist, — the last three from Cincinnati. The musical success of the Sängerkongress was beyond a doubt highly satisfactory, and will doubtless assist materially in raising the standard of the coming festivals. The next one is to be held in Chicago in 1883. The deficit, which entails on the subscribers of the guarantee fund a loss of twelve per cent. on their subscriptions, will be covered without much difficulty. Mr. Barus, the musical director, and all those connected with the preparing of musical as well as business affairs, can rest satisfied with the result. M.

CINCINNATI, July 15.

## TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.<sup>1</sup>

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

### X.

THE finest shadows of things are seen by painters. Talk about mathematics! They don't develop a person like painting.

You must love a thing in order to go on. L. T. comes down to the sea-side and finds a little atom of a thing, — a new moth. That moth is a success. If people would only sing the little note which they are intended to sing! J — sings her note. She has such love that I think she will leave after her things that will excite an emotion that some smart things do not. She has individual expression; lives and communes with nature.

It has got to be from your heart's-blood, if it's only two marks on a shingle.

I can feel enough in that apple-tree (sketch) to last three months, but I am too volatile to pass my time so. I see a sunset, a twilight. I can't carry both into that apple-tree; but if I live long enough I may put something into that apple-tree, and do it in five minutes.

A great deal has got to be done materially in order to render things æsthetically.

Very few who paint have any idea of subtle expression. Ingres could not bear Rembrandt. At the time of Rembrandt his contemporaries thought little of him. They thought more of some of his scholars.

Plenty of people admire Jacque; but I would not turn my head to see the best Jacque that ever was put on canvas. I don't like his works. They are masks. There are very few things that fascinate me. Among the pupils' sketches I see things that make me feel that they have a power that is not developed.

A picture is not necessarily complete in itself. When the time comes another person will come, who will take that up and go on farther.

I like Millet's work, and I like that of a baby

I hate conveniences. That's my pet economy. I don't generally have conveniences. Once I was at Berville's shop in Paris, and he wanted me to buy a box of materials for charcoal-drawing. I didn't want it a bit. But he kept pressing it upon me, and at last I took it because I could not hold out any longer. I give you my word, that box was the beginning of all the charcoal-drawing that's been done in America; of my having any class in fact. I took it down into Brittany with me, and liked it very much.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

I had hardly ever used charcoal before; and when I made sketches they were on scraps of paper, and easily lost. This little box kept my things together, and interested me in that way of drawing.

The people who live by accumulated wealth, with which they do nothing, are a set of lugs. The community carries them. Every time they die there's a song of angels. If people respected themselves there would be no such class, for they are made such by being bowed down to. It's the giving muscles that we ought to use, not the grasping. Paralysis means having all the muscles turned in one direction.

I own all the greatness in Europe. I remember the best pictures. They are mine; but I'm willing those old kings should take care of them. If you see a flower, pick it and smell of it; that flower is yours.

The individual is nothing. The men who built the pyramids are dead; but the pyramids stand.

Unconsciousness is superior dignity. Assumption of superiority is the one thing that arouses my indignation. I have a feeling of respect for a certain kind of humility. I believe, with Rousseau, that every one we meet is superior to us in some respect. I can't see the first brutal thing in what is called the brute creation. Every human being has the elements of the animal creation.

There's a call for everything that's fine; but there is n't a market for so much competition.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

### HEARING MUSIC ON COMPULSION.

Music is an excellent thing, in its place. But too much of a good thing is not good. At all times and seasons, but especially in summer, one hears perforce a never ceasing medley and Babel, or at least a general hum, of instruments and voices, loud blasts of brazen harmony (or discord), or half finished periods and phrases, idle scraps and bits of melody, mere haunting echoes of tunes so popular that they persecute us everywhere and turn the musical sensibilities into a source of torment, — things which we must hear and cannot escape, and yet to which we almost never listen. Now music to which one does not listen is of very doubtful benefit. It only distracts and dissipates the mind; it confuses and bewilders, calls the attention off from other things, without commanding any real, full attention to itself. Music, which is merely incidental to something else, to something which makes a more direct appeal, had in most cases better be left out altogether; its presence is impertinent, irrelative to what is going on. Only when it is in itself the main thing, the direct, objective point of interest, does it really speak to us, or do us any good, while in the way of musical culture it is worse than nothing; it begets a habit of listless inattention to that which, if it be of any account, is certainly entitled to a full and careful hearing, — not an involuntary hearing with the ears alone, but a considerate hearing with the mind, and with a yielding up of heart, soul, and imagination to its influence. Musical babble is unedifying. It spoils the appetite for music that means something; tends to bring on musical dyspepsia.

This text comes round with summer. Bands in the streets and gardens and on every steam-boat, hand-organ grinders, whistlers of *Pinafore*, keep the air full of melodies that cross each other in all directions, to some of which, could you select, you might listen, in safe seclusion and get the good of them; but such "Stille Sicherheit" is seldom found. We would be choosers both of the what, the how, the when, and the where; — then we can listen; but "on compulsion? No!" Yet on the simple ground of general cheerfulness, we all like this tuneful Babel well enough; no one would have the air emptied of the commingling, crossing sounds; they incite a general disposition to enjoyment, to free, rhythmic, genial life, a good reaction from the old Puritanic narrowness and stiffness. It is all well enough in that sense; only it hardly counts in the sense of musical culture; it does not elevate the taste in music, nor does it prove us to be a musical people. The regular provision, whether municipal or private, of open-air concerts for the people in the cool evenings, on the Common and the smaller parks and squares, is really commendable. To these throng young and old, obedient to the desire to hear and listen to good music of its kind; we doubt not, most of the crowd try to hear, and give their best attention to the music that is offered, though it be merely music by a band, and by a band all of brass, and it may lead to something better.

With the inevitable out-door summer music we have no quarrel; we only take from it the suggestion of our present topic, which is hearing music "on compulsion;" and we wish to speak of certain forms of this, which we think may be capable of remedy. It is not for the first time that we allude to them.

(1.) Here is a recent experience. It is the great annual academic festival at our oldest university, whom so many of us call Alma Mater, and delight to honor. It is a grand sight, — a thousand of her sons, age after age, in long procession winding through the shady grounds, and entering that vast dining-hall, to take their seats at table. Nowhere, probably, can you see such a number of such men assembled at a banquet; in such a gathering the humblest shares the inspiration of the whole. But during the half hour (nearly) which it takes them to get all seated, the band, to whose martial strains they have been marching, having found its way to a high-arched gallery at one end of the resounding hall, continues all the while its loud, ringing, stunning march, with full *fortissimo* of brazen monster tubas and shrill cornets; the terrible *rimbombo* making it impossible for the guests and classmates to converse with one another, or even think, all are so crazed by the unmeaning, utterly irrelative, tyrannical, oppressive noise. In some such scene, years ago, may Holmes have been moved to pray for "silence, like a poultice, to heal the blows of sound." Such occurrences are common on all such occasions. And though the band, a portion of them, may then take gentler instruments, as violins and cellos, to play interludes between the speeches, it is commonly with no plan of any fitting of the music to the word or topic, but all at random, like the music that we hear in theatres between the acts. And this for an audience of educated men, of men of culture and refinement, who have been trained to a sense of fitness and of taste in all things! One would say that such a dinner party would demand either music after a carefully studied programme, fitted to the other exercises and calculated to enhance their meaning and idealize and somewhat perpetuate their influence, or else to be relieved from the presence of the disturber. Harvard has her Musical Professor at last, and her musical classes, her fifty or more earnest

students of the theory of music. Is it not time that she begin to treat the music of her festivals as an element of some significance beyond the mere timing of the march to dinner and relaxing the strain of attention to speeches dry or eloquent? Should not her music set a worthy example of selections and performance, classical and tasteful and inspiring? Now it is no better than one hears at a political rally in old Faneuil Hall; indeed, the latter is more relevant to its occasion, since it brushes up old patriotic tunes. This is one way in which we become victims to the music of compulsion.

(2.) But nowhere is the infliction quite so flagrant as in theatres. You go to see and hear a play, a drama humorous or tragic, and you have to hear something else which you don't want, which is simply a bore and a distraction, which breaks the spell of the good acting, and rudely interrupts the continuity of the drama, will not let you talk with your neighbor, or even think the matter over to yourself, but leaves you scatter-brained and with a headache. In this respect a thing like *Pinafore*, which turns it into an opera, and makes the music paramount, the element that chiefly claims attention, is a real blessing; and even to the poorest opera we can grant one virtue, if it had no other, namely, the *silence of the orchestra between the acts*. For the music commonly played while the curtain is down is wholly irrelevant, and even in a vulgar sense, impertinent. It has nothing to do with the play, either as preparation or continuation and improvement of its mood and its effect. It is a rude assault upon the ear and sense just when one requires a little rest and silence; it keeps up what seems an endless and relentless repetition of a dance tune or hackneyed sentimental melody; and when the ambitious cornet-solo man begins to caricature the death-song of Edgardo, or to imitate a flute and revel in all sorts of florid variations, it is enough sometimes to drive one to despair. The appeal is to the lowest taste in the audience, and is sure to elicit much clapping of hands, while it fatigues and sickens those of finer culture.

In the best German theatres for the spoken drama, there is no music between the acts, and no orchestra is present, except when pieces like Goethe's *Egmont*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are presented, for which composers of genius, like Beethoven and Mendelssohn, have made music specially adapted to the play, and such as to render the illusion more ideally complete. Without any real interruption of the drama you can relax attention for a moment, and look round or talk with friends, and find yourself fresh for the next installment of the play, with brain not distracted, brayed as in a mortar by coarse, senseless, tedious noise called music. We are sure many persons would go to a good play oftener than they do, were this the practice in our theatres. But if there be music, let it be for music's sake, a thing that claims attention on its own account, and worthy to be listened to as such; not flung at our heads while we are cornered and cannot escape it. In an opera, however light, like *Pinafore*, it cultivates the common taste; we do not think the musical *entr'actes* of the theatre, as a general thing, do that.

(3.) The very diffusion of musical taste and knowledge, so desirable in itself, has this uncomfortable side to it. It compels us, — not absolutely, not directly, but yet practically, through our sympathies, our interest in concert-giving debutants, whose name is legion, through a good-natured disposition to encourage, to recognize and duly appreciate all degrees and kinds of real merit — to attend concert after concert, in season and out of season, and sit through lengthy programmes of all sorts of compositions by all



the old and new composers, when one had much rather stay at home and make a little music by himself, or find an hour for once to study music, or take a walk or chat with friends, or go to a scientific lecture, or a reading, or a play, — in short, to anything rather than the nine hundred and ninety-ninth concert of a season still protracted into the midsummer heats and dog-days. This compulsion, to be sure, chiefly weighs upon musical editors and critics, who, because they have undertaken to give such notice as they can conveniently of the more significant phases of the advancing cause of music, seem therefore to be held in duty bound to make discriminating (and that means in too many cases flattering) reports on everything that passes in the way of musical publication or performance. The most unsatisfactory aspect of all such expected, and therefore half-compulsory, listening and reporting ("criticising," if you please) is that it uses the poor editor and critic as an involuntary advertising medium! But his is not the only class that suffers; all who have a name in the community for musical enthusiasm, taste, or knowledge, are more or less appealed to in the same way to listen to the new comer, to subscribe to, or at least accept a complimentary invitation to, the complimentary concert of the newly arrived singer or instrumental virtuoso, or the exhibition recital, *matinée* or concert, of such singing and piano teacher's pupils in their turn. It is a penalty we all pay for our love and taste for music. It has its pleasant and its irksome side. We do not know that there is any remedy to be found for it, or that it would not be surly and unamiable to seek one. We must make up our minds to hear much that we do not wish to hear, much that is good intrinsically, but not good coming in the wrong time, when we can only hear with ears, not listen heart and soul, simply as the consequence of happening to be somewhat musical.

We might pursue the theme indefinitely; but these specifications will suffice to show how Music, often welcomed as a heavenly visitor, may also be a persecuting bore, to none so aggravating as to the victim who is the most truly musical.

THE "RUTH BURRAGE ROOM." — Mr. B. J. Lang has furnished to the Boston correspondent of the *Music Trade Review* the following interesting description of a little practical scheme, successfully put in practice under his (Mr. Lang's) direction, for the benefit of earnest young pianoforte students. We had long been intending to make some account of it ourselves; but since the New York paper has the start of us, we are glad to borrow, hoping that by so doing we may lead some to avail themselves of the opportunity so generously and wisely offered. Mr. Lang writes: —

"In the upper story of Chickering & Son's building, accessible by an elevator, there exists a tastefully furnished room, containing two concert grand piano-fortes and a beautiful mahogany case containing every piece of music that exists for two piano-fortes, two players, and for two piano-fortes, four players (eight hands). Every symphony, concerto, overture, suite, etc., etc., to the extent in value of about three thousand dollars, is there, conveniently bound, with catalogues complete. Under appropriate rules for the convenience of the beneficiaries, this room is absolutely free to all, even without the asking. That this wonderful place is in constant use from morning until night, and has been from the moment it was inaugurated until now (nearly two years), is a matter of course.

"From whence came all this?

"A few years since there died in Boston a lovely girl of twenty-two (a fine pianist herself), a daughter of the Hon. A. A. Burrage, who, on her death-bed, expressed the wish that the little property of which she was possessed should be given, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, to deserving musical students. The before mentioned collection of music was purchased with Miss Ruth Burrage's money. The Messrs. Chickering & Sons allowed Mr. Lang to construct the room, and to retain it free of rent for the purpose, so

long as they (the Messrs. Chickering) occupy the building; and, furthermore, do generously supply, free of cost, the two grand piano-fortes.

"Consider what delight one can get from this place. Have you two grand piano-fortes? Have you a hundred and fifty volumes of music for those two piano-fortes? This is a very expensive sort of music, while it is not just what one cares to own year in and year out. This attractive place is called the "Ruth Burrage Room." May this little description lead some generous mortal to carry out the same idea in some other of our musical centres."

The rules attached to the use of the room are simple, and not hampered by red tape:

"This room, with its piano-fortes and library of four-hand and eight-hand music for two piano-fortes, is intended for the use of persons who play such music tolerably well at first sight.

"For the convenience of those who may use it, and the preservation of its valuable contents, the following rules are established:

"1. The hours for the use of the room are from 9 A. M. to 5.30 P. M. only.

"2. The names of all persons using the room must be entered in advance in a book kept for the purpose on the third floor of the building.

"3. One hour or two hours at a time may be engaged by a party of two or four persons, by entry of the names of the party opposite the hour or hours decided; but such entry is never to be made more than seven days before the desired time.

"4. No party is to have the right to engage more than two hours in any one period of seven days.

"5. The same hour or hours, week after week, may be secured by the entry of the names of the party on their arrival each week for the same hour or hours in the following week.

"6. One hour on each of two days may be taken instead of two hours on one day, if preferred.

"7. Parties are to assemble on the lower floor, in order that the elevator may be used once only to reach the room. They are expected to use the stairs in descending.

"8. On reaching the room, umbrellas and clothing should be left on the rack provided for the purpose outside the door.

"9. The best care must be taken of the music; it must never be taken from the room, and never used as a seat, and the corners of the leaves must not be turned up.

"10. The pianos must be carefully treated, and be closed on leaving the room; the music must be returned to its proper place, the book-case locked, and the keys of the case and of the room put into the place assigned for them (unless the party having the next claim to the room stands ready to take them), and the window-shades drawn down.

"Implicit obedience to these rules, or to others hereafter established, is required from all who may avail themselves of the benefits of the room."

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, JULY 15. — The close of the winter term of the College of Music was preceded by six examinations of the pupils under instruction. Five of these examinations were semi-public, while the sixth took place before a very large invited audience in Music Hall. The numbers consisted in vocal solo and ensemble numbers, and solo selections for the violoncello, violin, and the organ. Space will not permit of any enlarging on all the performances of the different students; of two I will only make mention, that of Miss Funek and of Master Bendix, both pupils of Professor Jacobsohn. The former played the *Fantasia-Caprice* of Vieuxtemps, not only very smoothly in execution, but in a style which was more that of an artist than of an amateur. Master Bendix, in the first movement of a concerto by Viotti, showed himself very proficient both technically and in point of taste.

The convention of the National Association of Music Teachers, which gathered here on July 1st, was not largely attended. Mr. De Roode, of Lexington, acted as president. The programme was carried out to the letter. The essays read were by Mr. Parsons of New York, "The Relation of Music to Morals;" by Madame Seiler of Philadelphia on the "Physiology of the Voice;" by Mr. Krehbiel of Cincinnati on "The Sacred and Profane Influence in Musical Development;" by Mr. Van Cleve now of Cincinnati, on "Realism in Music;" and by Mr. Mees of this city on "Instrumentation, its Origin and Development." The last paper was illustrated, through the kindness of Mr. Thomas, by his orchestra, in a concert at the Highland House, in which selections from the works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, and Strauss, were performed in chronological order. At the afternoon session Mme. De Roode Rice of Chicago, gave a piano recital with an excellent programme, and Mr. Sherwood, of Boston, created genuine enthusiasm with his rendering of a long list of classic and modern compositions.

M.

THE Netherlandish Society for the Promotion of Musical Art celebrated its fiftieth jubilee in Amsterdam, May 23-25. The works performed were: Handel's *Joshua*; a Mass by Verhulst; "Der fliegende Holländer," by Richard Hol; the third part of the oratorio *Bonifacius*, by Nicolai; and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

#### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE NEXT OPERA SEASON. — Mr. J. R. G. Hassard writes home from London to the *New York Tribune*: "Mr. Mapleson's plans for the next season in America are still vague, and I presume that they will be governed by circumstances not altogether within his control. Mme. Gerster will certainly return; I believe there is no doubt that we shall have Campanini, and Galassi also; and you have probably learned that Mapleson has captured from Strakosch no less a prize than Miss Annie Louise Cary. Here is an admirable quartet to begin with; but a double set of singers is needed for a good season, and negotiations with the others are incomplete. Mr. Mapleson informs me that he is making strenuous efforts to secure Nilsson. Nobody believes that he will succeed. Mme. Nilsson is engaged for next winter in Madrid, and I presume that neither she nor the manager is anxious to pay the forfeit of £3000 to which she would become liable by accepting the American engagement. Nilsson and Gerster would do well together, for their special rôles are entirely distinct. Del Puente will doubtless return, and among the less important members of the troupe are Mlle. Ambre and Mlle. Lido. I am sorry to say that there is more or less uncertainty about our enjoying Sig. Ardit's services again this year, for he, too, is wanted at Madrid. Sig. Muzio has made several engagements for Mr. Max Strakosch's next season in the United States, of which, as you know, the dramatic soprano, Teresa Singer, is to be the principal attraction. The tenor is Petrovich, a Russian, who was the first representative of the "King of Lahore" when Massenet's opera was performed in Italy. The baritone, Storti, — Italian, of course, — made a name, I believe, at Milan, where he sang with Mme. Sasse in the "Guarany" of Gomez. Castelmary, the French basso, is not unknown to fame; he has lately been heard in the "Mefistofele" of Boito. I wish I could add that Sig. Muzio had engaged himself as conductor of the troupe; but there is no such good news. Pantaleoni, the baritone, who sang with the Strakosch company last season, is about to join Mapleson here. Mr. Max Strakosch has just arrived in London, and you will doubtless soon hear of his further arrangements."

From the same letter (London, July 5), we learn: "A German vocalist who has taken a distinguished rank here is Henschel, the bass, distinguished especially as an interpreter of German songs, and remarkable alike for the beauty of his voice and the purity of his method. A man of varied accomplishments, and a favorite in society, he is in general request. He steadily refuses to give lessons, but to this rule he has made a solitary exception in favor of our young countrywoman, Miss Lillian Bailey of Boston, who sang not long ago at one of Dr. Damrosch's concerts in New York. I heard her at a private assembly the other night, with Henschel at the piano, and was charmed and astonished at the progress she has made since she came abroad. Herr Henschel tells me that he intends to visit America in 1880. Miss Thursby is in London, singing frequently at private concerts and universally admired. The reports of her brilliant successes in London and Paris were not in the least exaggerated. She has lately received a letter full of compliments, constituting her a perpetual member of the French Association des Artistes Musiciens, and signed by Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, Jules Massenet, Victor Massé, H. Reber, and others well known to the world. She is engaged for the Hereford, Bristol, and Gloucester festivals, after which she will return to America, probably in October. Several managers are in treaty with her for the United States, but she has not yet closed with any of them."

In addition to the promises for orchestral concerts made by the Harvard and Philharmonic organizations, the Euterpe promises this year to give its subscribers a rare treat in the way of chamber music for strings mainly. A series of eight concerts is proposed, and a plan is in contemplation which may give Boston musicians an opportunity to improve the record of this association over that of its initiatory season. The field for the association is one which offers rich attractions for its members, and, with such acknowledged ability at its head, the Euterpe can hardly fail to win a high position among the musical organizations of the city.

Notwithstanding all these attractions, Boston is also to enjoy the presence of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club during a large part of the season. Only two concert trips are contemplated by this organization during the season, one in October and November, the other in April and the late spring, thus affording an opportunity for it again to become a standard feature of the home musical season during December, January, February, and March. Its membership will be made good by the addition of artists of established reputation, whose names will be duly announced, and the long and honorable record of the club will be fully maintained during the coming season.

While the instrumental concert field will be thus richly provided for, the home opera season will be one of the leading features in the attractions of the coming month. The "Ideal" company will fill a month's engagement at the Boston Theatre, beginning late in September, or early in October, and present *Pingapore*, *Fatinitza*, and possibly a third opera during the season. By the withdrawal of Tom Karl, who goes to fill an engagement with the Emma Abbott Company, a change will be made in the Ralph and the Cor- respondent in the two operas, Mr. W. H. Fessenden assuming both rôles in place of Mr. Karl. Mr. M. W. Whitney

resumes his place as Captain Corcoran in *Pinafore* and assumes the rôle of the Russian General in *Fatinitza*, materially strengthening the cast of the latter opera. Mr. Frothingham continues as the ideal Deadeye in *Pinafore*, and assumes the rôle of Steppan in *Fatinitza*, again strengthening the cast of the opera. Miss Adelaide Phillips will assume the rôle of Buttercup, as originally planned in the organization of the company, and will assume the dual rôle of *Fatinitza* and Vladimir, in which she made such a pronounced success upon the first night of the season. It will be seen that all these changes go to strengthen the company in both operas, and a successful season seems to be a certainty. — *Boston Herald*.

THE répertoire of the Maretzke opera company for the coming season will include *Czar and Zimmerman*, by Lortzing, which will be called *The Two Peters*, an ingenious and sprightly work, known principally through orchestral arrangements; *Rabaud*, by Giorza; *La Colombe*, of Gounod, which will be called *The Dove*; Grisart's original *Doctor of Alcantara*, the French name of which is *Bonsoir*, *M. Pantalon*; *Sleepy Hollow*, the new opera by Max Maretzke himself, and *Fatinitza* to fill in.

POPULAR ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS. Mr. Listemann's Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, of about thirty of our best musicians, has issued a prospectus, from which it appears that the first venture will consist of five concerts, beginning in the latter part of October, at the Music Hall, their programmes to include the following among other works:

Beethoven: Symphony in F, selections; overture, "Egmont"; overture, "Leonore No. 3."  
Schumann: Symphony in D-minor, selections; overture, "Maifest."  
Raff: "Lenore Symphony" selections.  
Spohr: Overture, "Jessonda."  
Mendelssohn: Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream."  
Wagner: Overture, "Tannhäuser."  
Bach: Air and Gavotte.  
Schubert: Unfinished symphony in B-minor.  
Liszt: Preludes; Hungarian rhapsodies; polonaise in E;  
"Faust" symphony, Gretchen movement.  
Mozart: Overture, "Magic Flute."  
Weber: Overture, "Oberon"; "Invitation à la Danse."  
Saint-Saëns: "Danse Macabre"; "Le Rouet d'Omphale."  
Tchaikowski: Andante for string orchestra.  
Accomplished vocal and instrumental soloists will contribute to each programme.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY. — A Commencement Musical Soirée of the College of Fine Arts was held in the Wieting Opera House on Monday evening, June 23. We presume it was under the direction of our old friend William Schultze, the musical professor of the university. Pupils of the institution, with their teachers and musicians of the place, took part in the following programme: —

Concerto in C, for three Pianos, two Violins,  
Viola, Violoncello and Bass . . . . . Sebastian Bach.  
Salutaris . . . . . Pecher.  
Pietà Signore (Prayer) . . . . . Stradella.  
Homage to Handel, Grand Duo for two Pianos, Moscheles.  
Pur Diesci . . . . . Lotti (1620).  
Sul Campo della Gloria, from Belisario . . . . . Donizetti.  
Capriccio Brillant, for Piano, with Quintet Accompaniment . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Songs: (a) La Violette, (Romanze) . . . . . Mozart.  
(b) O Lac (Meditation) . . . . . Niedheimer.  
Hymn, "I come to Thee for rest!" . . . . . Otto H. Wenzlawski.  
Vocal Duet, "Vieni" . . . . . Luzzi.  
Ave Maria . . . . . Cherubini.  
Rondo Brillant in B, for Piano and Violin . . . . . F. Schubert.

ORGAN RECITAL. — Mr. Charles H. Morse, Professor of Music at Wellesley College, gave a recital on the great organ of the Boston Music Hall, on Saturday, June 14, with the following programme: —

Passacaglia in C minor . . . . . Bach.  
Organ Hymn, "Sancta Maria" . . . . . Whiting.  
Benediction Nuptiale . . . . . Saint-Saëns.  
Sonata in D. Op. 42 (Largo e maestoso, Allegro — Pastorale — Allegro Assai.) . . . . . Guilmant.  
"Air du Dauphin" . . . . . Ruckel-Best.  
Andantino from the Symphony, "The Power of Sound" . . . . . Spohr.  
Overture to "Oberon" . . . . . Weber.

#### FOREIGN.

M. MASSENET'S "IL RE DI LAHORE." — The following is a portion of an elaborate article in the London *Times* of June 30: —

"Massenet's new opera, the Italian version of which was played for the first time in England at Covent Garden on Saturday night, may be judged from two very different points of view, and the amount of merit granted to it will vary accordingly. If we look in an opera for the emanation of highest dramatic pathos combined with striking originality of melodic invention, and in connection with it of formal development, we most certainly shall be disappointed in Massenet's work. If, on the other hand, we are

satisfied with flowing, though not very deep or very new, melodies expressive of the sentiments common to heroes and heroines of the lyrical stage, with admirable musical workmanship aided by gorgeous scenery, — with a work, in short, after the model of the grand opera as established by Meyerbeer and Halévy, the *Re di Lahore* will command our approval and in parts our admiration. But before speaking in detail of the music it will be necessary to give a brief outline of the story which it serves to illustrate. Nair the heroine, a priestess of Indra, has inspired an unholy passion in Scindia, the all-powerful minister of Alim, King of Lahore, who claims her hand from Timur, the high priest. In the conversation between the two men which ensues it transpires that Scindia suspects Nair of receiving the visits of a stranger in spite of her sacred vows, and when questioned by him, Nair herself confesses her strong but pure love for a youth who, at the sound of the evening prayers, enters the temple nightly through a secret door. Scindia promises secrecy and forgiveness on condition that the girl will follow him as his wife; but this Nair firmly refuses to do, whereat her disappointed lover denounces her to the priests and priestesses, who assemble at the sound of the sacred gong. Death will be her punishment; but before it is inflicted the companion of her guilt must also be discovered, and for that purpose the priestesses intone the evening hymn, at which signal the secret door opens and lets in King Alim himself. The state of affairs is now entirely changed, and Nair from a culprit is converted into a royal bride. Even Timur, the priest, cannot oppose the will of his sovereign, who, to pacify the gods, promises at once to do battle with Mahometan armies invading the kingdom. Thus, among warlike and festive songs, closes the first act, Scindia only vowing secret revenge. In the second act we are in Alim's camp. A battle has been fought, and the King's army is beaten and he himself wounded to death. This opportunity Scindia uses for sowing treason among the fugitive soldiers: who, abandoning their King, proclaim him ruler of Lahore. Only Nair refuses to forsake the unfortunate Alim, and it is not till after his death that by force she is compelled to follow the usurper. In the natural course of things, *Il Re di Lahore* would now be an opera without a hero and a tenor. But such a contingency had to be avoided at any price, and M. Gallet, the librettist, not satisfied with a single *deus ex machina*, accordingly introduces a whole system of heavenly machinery. When the curtain rises for the third time we are in the heavenly abode of Indra, the supreme god, who is surrounded by minor deities and the spirits of the blessed. The songs and dances of hours and other celestial maidens enliven the scene, which seems to draw inspiration from the Koran rather than from the Vedas. Alim, whose spirit is soon discovered approaching the throne of Indra, alone refuses to take part in the universal joy. Amid the beauties of Paradise he remembers Nair, and his ardent prayer is to be once again united with her. This prayer Indra grants, and in the fourth act Alim, restored to life, is at Lahore to thwart the designs of the treacherous Scindia, who is just on the point of crowning his success by the possession of the unwilling but powerless Nair. A stormy meeting of the rivals ensues, before the assembled people, and Alim is saved from the wrath of the tyrant by the priests, who give him shelter in the temple of Indra. Here, in the fifth and last act, he has a secret meeting with Nair, but their plans of flight are frustrated by the vigilance of Scindia, who enters the temple followed by his soldiers and threatens Alim with second death. Rather than become the tyrant's wife Nair seeks destruction by her own hand, and, according to Indra's decree, her lover joins her in death. In the final tableau the pair are seen ascending to the abode of bliss, while the baffled Scindia, according to the English version of the libretto, "regards them with deep emotion, then prostrates himself, hiding his face in his hands." The weakness of this plot from a dramatic point of view is at once apparent. The characters are little more than shadowy conventionalities, the celestial interlude is obviously introduced for the purpose of scenic display alone, and the air of unreality pervading the whole is intensified when the resuscitated Alim appears among the living people in his own form as if nothing had happened, and continues to act and to suffer exactly as he had wont to do. But perhaps it is unfair to judge by the canons of common sense a libretto which contains at least some effective situations and no end of opportunities for celestial and terrestrial marches, pageants, dances, and other attractions of the operatic stage. That on these the success of the work must to a great extent depend, the management at Covent Garden had fully recognized, and nothing more splendid, and, for the greater part, more tasteful, could be imagined than the way in which the piece is put upon the stage. The dresses throughout are gorgeous, and a perfectly dazzling effect of color and light is produced by the scenery and the grouping of dances and *figurants* in the third act, where Indra's abode is represented. To sum up, M. Massenet's opera, although not a work of genius proper, is one of more than common merit, and contains all the elements of at least temporary success. The reception it met with augurs well for its immediate future at Covent Garden, a circumstance no doubt largely due to the excellent performance and *mise-en-scène* ne."

THE great novelty of the Rhenish Whitsuntide Festival, held this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, was the performance, under the direction of the composer, of Max Bruch's new

cantata of *The Lay of the Bell*. There was a band of 125 and a chorus of 400, so that the cantata was accorded, on the whole, a better chance than it had at its previous performances at Cologne and Berlin. Schiller's fine poem has before now tempted musicians, who have performed their work with more or less success. Zelter, Hurka, Harfels, and Lindpainter have set *The Lay of the Bell* to music, the setting by Romberg has long been popular, and Herr Carl Stör of Wiemar, a few years ago, wrote music intended as an accompaniment to, and in illustration of, the declaimed text of Schiller. Carl Stör's work gained a good deal of success in Germany, and it has also been performed at the popular concerts of Brussels. *The Lay of the Bell* of Max Bruch is, however, of larger dimensions, and is far more ambitious than its predecessors; while a special point has been made by the division of the poem into recitatives for such parts of it as are didactic and philosophical, and into solos and choruses for such portions as are merely descriptive. The opinions of the German critics as to the effect of this division are by no means unanimous. Some of the critics aver that it gives great variety to the *ensemble* without detracting from the unity of the work. Others, like the Cologne *Popular Gazette*, regret that the composer has not treated the declamation in the modern spirit. The paper quoted is, indeed, of the opinion that "the verses of Schiller, which are, according to Moritz Hauptmann, music of themselves, ought not to have been treated with the dryness of the ancient recitative, although it is true that Herr Max Bruch obtains great effects by the contrast which his melodious solos and magnificent choruses afford with these *arid* recitatives." The work is said to be well scored; but some of the critics aver that it is not remarkable from the point of view of originality, and lacks the grandeur and the power of inspiration with which Schiller's poem is so strongly impregnated. At the Rhenish Festival the chief part was undertaken by the bass, Staudig, who shared the honors with the composer-conductor, Herr Max Bruch. — *Boston Courier*.

HANDEL IN ITALY. — The first performance in Italy of Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, which took place at Rome on the 30th of May last, is an event of more than ordinary interest in the musical world. The Maestro Mustafà, Director of the Società Musicale Romana, to whom the merit belongs of having been the first to introduce *The Messiah* to Italian amateurs, has now rendered a similar service to his countrymen with regard to the great choral masterpiece just named; and to judge by the comments made on the occasion in the Roman press, there can be no doubt that he has found an audience fully prepared to appreciate the noble music of the great representative of musical Protestantism. The work was most carefully rehearsed, and its production was looked forward to with the keenest interest by the musical public, the performance being attended by the *élite* of the artistic and even the fashionable world. The execution is spoken of as highly finished, the well-trained choir consisting of upwards of 100 singers, and the orchestra numbering sixty performers; the solo portions of the work were rendered by the following artists, namely, Signore Alari and Borghi del Puente (soprano), Ricci de Antonis (alto), Signori Cotogni (tenor), Capelloni and Calzanera (bass.) All the Roman journals refer to the event at some length, giving sketches of the composer's career, and expressing the belief that the introduction of Handel's compositions into Italy will mark an epoch in the musical history of the country. As regards the effect produced upon the audience by the performance, the *Osservatore Romano* remarks as follows: "Every one appeared to be listening with profound attention and reverent wonder to those gigantic choruses, those sweet arias, those imposing fugues with which this classical oratorio of the great German master abounds. At every pause of the performance the universal admiration broke out into long-continued applause, thus doing homage to the celebrated master and bestowing also a well-merited reward upon the Maestro Mustafà, and all those who assisted him in the rendering of the work. Some of the most prominent numbers were re-demanded and had to be repeated." The Italian version of the English words is the joint work of Signori Guido Guidi and Girolamo Caldani. There have been several repetitions since the above first performance, each time before numerous audiences, and the interest taken in the work by the public appears as yet unabated.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who has just been created Mus. Bac. by Oxford University, is a very great favorite with the undergraduates of that institution. At the granting of degrees the other day, the chief event was the descent from the upper gallery of an immense pinafore. Then followed from the undergraduates one of the most popular of the Pinafore choruses, which was received with tremendous and general applause, checked, alas! in the bud by a stern proctor.

M. MERMET, author of "Jeanne d'Arc," has, it is said, finished an opera, the words and music of which are both by himself. Its subject is "Bacchus," and its plot deals with the conquest of India by the wine-god: a paraphrase, it has been suggested, of "Drink." The new opera will, however, hardly be of much use to London impresarios, as a leading feature of it is a number of wild beasts. Fanny Signor Fancelli as Bacchus and Madame Nilsson as Helen singing with the roaring of a lion obligato! — *Figaro*.



